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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse.
I thought you wouldn't mind.

If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for awhile
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink—
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict,
Your pardon I implore,
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa. "Silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years
I should have learned that knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From whence it hung so high
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mouse chuckled to himself
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole.

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more.
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh
And then he gravely spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke!"

STORY TELLER.

A Christmas Surprise.

A STORY OF THE MINES.

A California mining town, away up amid the snow-clad, rock-bounded peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

The town was irregularly laid out, and was scattered along a creek which emptied into the Consummes River several miles below. Both the dwellings and business houses—or, more properly speaking, cabins—were constructed of unhewn pine logs, the crevices between the timbers being "chinked" and plastered with mud. The town contained at least a dozen saloons, or saloons and gambling-houses combined, and in these hells much of the hard-earned money of the miner parted company with him, to take up its temporary abode in the saloon till or the pocket of the professional gambler. The dwellings of the town were scattered along the creek or built on the side of the mountain, the majority of them being rough "bachelor-dens," for women were very scarce in the newly-discovered diggings.

In a small cabin in the upper end of the town sat a woman in widow's weeds, holding upon her knee a bright eyed, sunny-faced little girl about five years old, while a little cherub of a boy lay upon a bear-skin before the open fire-place. It was Christmas Eve, and the woman sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. She was yet young, and as the glowing flames lit up her sad face they invested it with weird beauty.

Mary Stewart was the window of Aleck Stewart and but two years before had lived comfortably and happily in a camp on the American River. Aleck was a brawny miner, but the premature explosion of a blast in an underground tunnel had blotted out his life in an instant, leaving his family without a protector and in straitened circumstances. His daily wages had been their sole support, and now that he was gone, what could they do?

With her little family Mrs. Stewart had emigrated to the camp in which we find them, and there she earned a precarious livelihood by washing clothes for the miners. Hers was a hard lot, but the brave little woman toiled on, cheered by the thought that her daily labors stood between her darling little ones and the gaunt wolf of starvation. Their clothes were patched and shabby, and their food plain and sometimes scanty, yet they were never reduced to absolute suffering.

Jack Dawson, a strong, honest miner, was passing the cabin this Christmas Eve, when the voice of the little girl within atracted his attention. Jack possessed an inordinate love for children, and although his manly spirit would abhor the sneaking practice of eavesdropping, he could not resist the temptation to steal up to the window just a moment to listen to the sweet prattling voice. The first words he caught were: "Before papa died, we always had Christmas, didn,t we, mamma?"

"Yes, Totty" darling, but papa earned money enough to afford to make his little pets happy at least once a year. You must remember, Totty, that we are very poor, and although mamma works very hard, she can scarcely earn enough to supply us with food and clothes."

Little bright-faced Benny raised his curly head from his soft nest in the warm bearskin, and cheerfully said: "Des wait till I dit to be a man, mamma, an' 'oo won't have to wort. I'se doin' to be a dreat bid miner, 'ike papa was, an' dit 'oo ever so much monee, but I won't do near 'em hateful blastin' fings an' dit tilled 'ike papa did."

Jack Dawson still lingered upon the outside. He could not leave, although he felt ashamed of himself for listening. "Why, bless my little man," returned the mother, "what a brave future he has planned! I do hope and pray, darling, that you will grow up a strong and a good man, and one who will be a blessing and a comfort to mamma when she gets old."

"We hung up our stockings last Christmas, didn't we, mamma?" questioned the little girl.

"Yes, Totty, but we were not poor then, and Santa Claus never notices real poor people. He gave you a little candy, then, just because you were such good children."

"Is we any poorer now, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, much poorer. He would never notice us at all, now."

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of sadness in the widow's voice as she uttered the last words, and he wiped a suspicious dampness from his eyes.

"Where's our clean stockings, mamma? I'm going to hang mine up, anyhow; may be he will come like he did before, just because we try to be good children," said Totty.

"It will be no use, darling. I am sure he will not come," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she thought of her empty purse.

"I don't care—I'm going to try, anyhow. Please get one of my stockings, mamma," pleaded the little girl.

"Your clean stockings are on the line outside, and I cannot go out and hunt for them this bitter cold night. You may hang up your old ones; but oh! darling, I fear you will be so terribly disappointed in the morning. Please let it go until next Christmas, and then we may be richer."

"No, mamma; I am going to try, anyhow."

Jack Dawson's great, generous heart swelled until it seemed bursting from his bosom. He heard the patter of little bare feet on the cabin floor, as Totty ran about hunting for hers and Benny's stockings, and, after she had hung them up, heard her sweet voice again as she wondered over and over if Santa Claus really would forget them. He heard the mother, in a choking voice, tell her treasures to get ready for bed; heard them lisp their childish prayers, the little girl concluding:

"And oh, Lord, please tell good Santa Claus that we are very poor, but that we love him as much as the rich children do, for dear Jesus' sake. Amen."

After they were in bed, through a small rent in the plain white curtain, he saw the widow sitting before the fire, her face buried in her hands, and and weeping bitterly. On a peg, just over the fireplace, hung two little patched and faded stockings; and then he could stand it no longer.

He softly moved away from the window to the rear of the cabin, where some objects fluttering in the wind met his eyes. Among these he searched until he found a little blue stocking which he removed from the line, folded tenderly and placed in his overcoat pocket, and then set out for the main street or the camp.

He entered Henry Hawk's gambling hell, the largest in the place, where a number of miners were engaged in play. Jack was well known in the camp, and when he got upon a chair and called for attention the hum of voices and the clicking of ivory checks suddenly ceased. Then in an earnest voice, he told them what he had seen and heard, repeating every word of the conversation between the mother and her two children. In conclusion he said:

"Boys, I think I know you, every one of you, and I know what kind o' metal yer made of. I've an idee that Santy Claus knows jist whar that cabin's sitiwated, an' I've an idee he'll find it afore morning. Hyar's one o' the little gal's stockings that I hooked off'n the line whar I heard the widder say she'd hung 'em with the washin'. The daddy o' them little 'uns was a good, hard-workin' miner, an' he crossed the range in the line o' duty, just as any of us is liable to do in our dangerous business. Hyar goes a twenty-dollar piece right down in the toe, an hyar I lay the stocking on this card table. Now chip in, much or little, as ye kin afford."

"Hold them checks of mine on the ace-jack," said Brocky Clark a gambler, and, leaving the faro table, he picked the little stocking up carefully, looked at it tenderly, and, when he laid it down, another twenty had gone down into the toe, to keep company with the one placed there by Dawson.

Another and another came up, until the foot of the stocking was well filled, and then came the cry from the gambling table:

"Pass her around, Jack!"

At the word he lifted it from the table, and started around the hall. Before he circulated it at half a dozen tables, it showed signs of bursting beneath the weight of gold and silver coin; and a strong coin bag, such as is used for sending treasure by express, was procured, and the stocking placed inside of it. The round of the large hall was made, and in the meantime the story had spread all over the camp. From various saloons came messengers, saying:

"Send the stockin' round the camp; the boys are awaitin' for it!"

With a party at his heels, Jack went from saloon to saloon. Games ceased, and tipplers left the bars as they entered each place, and miners, gamblers, speculators, everybody, crowded up to tender their Christmas gift to the miner's widow and orphans. Anyone who has lived in the far Western camps, and is acquainted with the generosity of Western men, will feel no surprise or doubt my truthfulness when I say that, after the round had been made, the little blue stocking and the heavy canvas bag contained over eight thousand dollars in gold or silver coin.

Horses were procured, and a party despatched to a large town down on the Consummes, from which they returned near day break with toys, clothing, provisions, etc., in almost endless variety. Arranging their gifts in proper shape, and securely trying the mouth of the bag of coin, the party noiselessly repaired to the widow's humble cabin. The bag was first laid on the step, and the other articles piled up in a heap over it. On the top was laid the lid of a large paste-board box, on which was written with a piece of charcoal:

"Santy Claus doesn't always Give poor fokes the Shake in this camp."

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. The night had been a stinging cold one, and when the rising sun peeped over the chain of mountains to the east, and shot its beams upon the western range, the sparkling frost flashed from the snow clad peaks as though their towering heads were sprinkled with pure diamonds.

Mrs. Stewart arose, and a shade of pain crossed her handsome face as the empty little stockings caught her maternal eye. She cast a hurried glance toward the bed where her darlings lay sleeping, and whispered:

"Oh, God? how dreadful is poverty!"

She built a glowing fire, and set about preparing the frugal breakfast. When it was almost ready she approaching the bed, kissed the little ones till they were awake, and lifted them to the floor. With eager haste Totty ran to the stockings, only to turn away, sobbing as though her heart would break. Tears blinded the mother, and clasping her little girl to her heart, she said in a choking voice:

"Never mind, my darling; next Christmas I am sure, mamma will be richer, and then Santa Claus will bring us lots of nice things."

"Oh, mamma!"

The exclamation came from little Danny, who had opened the door and was standing gazing in amazement upon the wealth of gifts there displayed.

Mrs. Stewart sprang to his side, and looked in speechless astonishment. She read the card, and then, causing her little ones to kneel down with her in the open doorway, she poured out her soul in a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Jack Dawson's bulry form moved from behind a tree a short distance away, and sneaked off up the gulch, great crystal tears chasing each other down his face.

The family rose from their knees and began to move the stores into the cabin. There were several sacks of flour, hams, canned fruits, pounds and pounds of coffee, tea and sugar, new dress goods, and a warm woolen shawl for the widow, shoes, stockings, hats, mittens and clothing for the children, a big wax doll that could cry and move its eyes for Totty, and a beautiful red sled for Benny. All were carried inside, amid alternate laughter and tears.

"Bring in the sack of salt, Totty, and that is all," said the mother. "Is not God good to us?"

"I can't liff it, mamma; it's froze down to the step."

The mother stooped and took hold of it, and lifted harder and harder until she raised it from the step. Her cheek blanched as she noted its great weight, and carried it in and laid it upon the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she loosed the string, and empited the contents upon the table. Gold and silver—more than she ever thought of in her wildest dreams of comfort, and almost buried in the pile of treasure lay Totty's little blue stocking.

We will not intrude longer upon such happiness, but leave the joyful family sounding praise to Heaven—and Santa Claus.

The whole story soon reached Mrs. Stewart's ears. She knew Jack Dawson by sight, and when next she met him, although the honest fellow tried hard to push by her, she caught hold of his coat and compelled him to stand and listen to her tearful thanks. The tears shed were not all hers, for when Jack moved away there were drops of liquid crystal hanging to his ruddy cheeks.

Four months from that "Merrie Christmas" Mrs. Stewart became Mrs. Jack Dawson; and every evening, when the hardy miner returns from his daily labor to his comfortable and happy home, Totty and Benny will climb upon his knees, and almost smother him with kisses, while they lovingly address him as "Our Santa Claus papa."

LITTLE BESSIE.

AN INTERESTING CHRISTMAS STORY.

Deacon Amos Dorr was a thoroughly good man and a true Christian, and was noted for his deep love for little children. Mrs. Dorr, his wife, was a good and upright woman; but was noted for her deep love for property.

Many years before our story, a little child came to gladden the hearts of the worthy couple; but only for a few brief years was she permitted to remain with them.

Then came a day—only a week before Christmas—when sweet little Allie lay sick unto death with that dreadful disease, membranous croup; and *that* year the Christmas snows were softly falling over a little new-made grave, as the grief-sticken and childless couple, sat by the chimney corner, in which no gay little stocking was hanging, ready to be filled with the little toys so carefully prepared by loving hands. But, as the years rolled on, the cares of the world entered into the mother's heart and nearly crowded out the memory of the little child. Not so with the father's loving heart! Ah, no! For the sake of his lost darling, all other children were regarded by him as so many precious jewels, to be guarded carefully, and most tenderly loved. The one great desire of the Deacon's heart was to adopt a little girl; but never a word of this had he spoken to his wife.

One cold November evening, when the wind was wailing mournfully around the old house, bringing to mind the cold winter so near at hand, the good couple were quietly seated in their cosy sitting-room, engaged in their usual evening occupation, the Deacon reading, and his wife knitting Just as Mrs. Dorr was endeavoring to calculate to a cent, how much that day's churning would "fetch," the Deacon's voice broke the silence, as he methodically folded his paper and placed it on the table beside him.

"Seems as if it grows lonesomer an' lonesomer every year Nancy," remarked the Deacon, with a sigh.

"*Lonesomer?*" repeated Mrs. Dorr in a tone of surprised inquiry. "Why *I* aint lonesome; I have work enough to do to keep me from getting lonesome, I hope. What in the world's come over you, Amos?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the Deacon slowly, "But somehow or other it seems terribly sorter still like, round the house lately. Nancy,"—catching his breath—"Nancy, why can't we take a child?"

"*Take a child?*" repeated Mrs. Dorr in amazement, dropping her knitting into her lap and catching her spectacles from her eyes. "What an idea! as much as I have to do! Why, I should go distracted to have a child round under foot; and the expense of bringing up a child, too, 'specially a girl. You must be crazy, Amos, to think of such a foolish thing."

"Well, well, wife," hastily replied the Deacon, "didn't know but you might think well of it, seein' we're all alone, so; but I shall get along well enough. Mebbe John's children will come down next summer and stay a spell."

"Dear me! I never did see such a man in all my born day," said Mrs. Dorr, resuming her knitting, "you ain't never satisfied unless there's half a dozen young ones at your heels."

The Deacon took up his paper and went to reading again, thinking that enough had been said upon the subject, for that time at least.

This was Saturday night. The following day Mrs. Dorr was forced to go to church alone, as her husband was suffering from a cold, and declared that he wasn't a goin' to keep the congregation in a quiver with his coughing." Left to his own devices, the good Deacon, like men of smaller growth, fell at once into mischief. Or it might have appeared to Mrs. Dorr had she known that her husband availed himself of her absence by writing a letter to his favorite nephew, John Ferris, in Boston. But fortunately, the good woman did not hear of this letter until a long time after. And when that time came, "things had changed, and she had changed," so it did not matter.

The next day the Deacon walked down to the village and mailed the precious missive, and in the course of a week there came a letter to the farm-house nephew John.

"Why that's John's writin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorr glancing over husband's shoulder as, with an impassive countenance, he proceeded to read his letter. "It *is* from John," he presently announced.

"Do you want a boarder, Nancy? good pay guaranteed. John wants to know if you'll board a four-year-old girl for a while. He says she's quiet and well behaved; I guess John's sort of a guardeen, or something, for the child."

"Why, I don't know," said Mrs. Dorr impaling her back hair on a knitting-needle and folding her hands meditatively, "P'raps I could manage to somehow. Winter's a good time for boarders, for *me*, on account of butter'n cheese. But a *child*—well, I'll see between now and morning.

The Deacon wisely forbore to say much on the subject; for he very well knew how his wife would decide. So he was not at all surprised when she and the next morning that "she'd thought it over, and she guessed she would try it, but she should want good pay." Secretly delighted to hear this, the Deacon immediately answered his nephew's letter, and in a few days was gratified by the arrival of Mr. Ferris with his little charge.

"I will see that the child's board is paid as long as you will keep her, Aunt Nancy," said the gentleman. "She is a dear little thing, and has neither father nor mother. Her father died while in my employ; and the mother being dead some time before, the children has to be separated. There were two others, another girl and a boy. *They* are in the asylum," he added briefly.

"Why aint *this* one there too?" inquired Mrs. Dorr.

"O, I took a fancy to her," replied Mr. Ferris carelessly. "I wish she could have a good home somewhere. I shall look after her until she does, I think."

Mr. Ferris stayed with them only a day and a night; and with many an injunction to his little charge to be a good girl and mind Aunt Nancy, he bade them good-by, and was whirled back to the big city.

Little Bessie was rather lonely at first in the large, old farm-house; but she was a cheery little soul, and soon began to sing and chatter from morning till night. She followed the Deacon about like a faithful little spaniel; and then the good man was positively unhappy when she was not with him. It was a pretty sight to see the sunny-haired little maiden trudging about with the old farmer, holding fast to his big, blue-mittened hand with her wee scarlet-covered one. Every animal on the place learned to love her, and, strange to relate, Aunt Nacy at last fell captive to her infantile charms, and, unknown to herself, a big place was thawing out in her heart for the little child. And now Christmas was come, and Deacon, half suspecting what was taking place in the mind of his wife, resolved upon a grand stroke.

Christmas eve, the child was undressed as usual, and placed in her little cot which stood in a corner of the room where slept the Deacon and his wife. Not close by the bed where Allie's crib used to stand, poor little orphan girlie! Away off in a corner by herself, just a poor little lonely boarder! Ah well! thy good angel is hovering near, little one!

Mrs. Dorr, after setting things to rights in the kitchen, for the night returned to the sitting-room and found it empty; but in the chimney-corner hung one of dear little Allie's stockings filled—as Mrs. Dorr quickly discovered—with the very toys she had had in readiness so long ago, to put into this same little stocking. As she stood silently gazing at it, the tears slowly gathering and falling, the bedroom opened and disclosed the Deacon standing there, with such a look of love and longing on his kind old face, that it instantly became manifest to her, what her husband desired and expected from her hands, as *his* precious, Christmas gift. And all at once her soul seemed flooded with tenderness and love. Love for the little child so safe in Heaven, and for the little one so quietly sleeping in the little crib which the Deacon had drawn up close to the side of the bed. "Nancy," said the good man, holding out his hand, and leading his wife to the side of the crib. "Nancy, will you give me this little child? she is the one gift I crave."

"O, Amos!" said Mrs. Dorr brokenly, "she aint mine to give; she's the Lord's; but I guess she's meant for you anyway. I—I've been growing hard and stingy, Amos. I can see it now. I'd most forgot my own little girl, and everything else, but my own self. But I'm a goin' to have a share in this little thing," she exclaimed stooping to kiss the little sleeper. "I declare, she looks as Allie used to," she remarked, wiping her eyes, as they turned to leave the room.

"I've thought so all the time," replied the Deacon, as he softly closed the door upon the sleeping child, who had all unconsciously, entered into a kingdom of love, there to stay, and make glad the hearts of those about her.

Sculptor's Stories.

Sculptors who execute busts often hear droll things said. Here are two anecdotes taken from a French newspaper. A sculptor had produced the likeness of a celebrated personage, in whose biography it was mentioned that he regarded architecture as a very secondary art. The son of this personage visited the artist's studio for the purpose of examining the bust, when, after considering it with the air of a connoiseur, he said "Could you not express more clearly his contempt for architecture?"

Another time it was the husband of a beloved deceased wife who came to see her bust. "Pray, study it well," said the artist. "It is only in the clay, and I can alter it." The widower looked at it with the most tender interest. "It is her very self!" he exclaimed; "her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

The above seems capped by the personal recollection of a correspondent who writes as follows: "Quite fifty years ago—for it was at the time that the exhibition of the Royal Academy was held in Somerset House—I was paying a visit to the room devoted to sculpture. There were but three or four persons in the room, and the silence was complete, until it was broken by the exclamation of a girl of fourteen, who was evidently under the care of a motherly sort of a woman of about 50 years of age 'Oh there's Lord B!' cried the young girl, 'how like!' pointing to the bust, which was in truth an excellent representation of a well known statesman. 'Like!' retorted the elder personage in a tone of ineffable scorn. 'Like! why don't I know his face as well as I know yours, and isn't his nose always twitching."—*Chambers' Journal.*

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Pure Reading.

The taste for pure reading cannot be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young, and a watchful supervision over their reading matter, cannot be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young, either a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening, to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a pubic school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and to accomplish this young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and to-day.

Nine tenths of what they have learned, as Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste for pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away: it will be of use every day and almost every hour; they will find it a refuge and solace in the time of adversity, and be happy when others are sad; it will spread from the father to the third and fourth generation.

In a Dead Man's Pocket.

Stephen Allen Price was a man who was liked and looked up to by all who knew him. He was honest, kind and true, a warm friend and good neighbor. The boys and girls all liked him because he never forgot that he had been young once himself. He was never stiff and cross and bossy with them, but was their good friend. He became rich, was made mayor of New York city, and lived to be very old. He lost his life in a steamboat disaster. Those who found his dead body found a scrap of printed paper in his pocket-book. It was so worn with oft reading that they could scarcely make out the words, but this is what was upon the paper:

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see plainly a way out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims, at least, once a week.

Couldn't Get Ahead of that Girl.

At a house in Ohio where a minister was boarding, the servant girl was anxious to anticipate everything in her work that any one wished her to do. She had always "just done it," or "was just doing it" when the order was given. This amused the young divine greatly and on the occasion he thought to nonpluss the girl by a ruse. "I don't think Eliza has washed my Bible since I have been here," he said to the mistress in a low tone, but designed to be overheard by the girl. A few minutes later the mistress said to her in the presence of the clergyman "Eliza, have you washed Mr. Blank's Bible?" "No, ma'am, but I've got it asoak."

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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PROF. GEORGE WING.

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

In this number of the JOURNAL will be found intelligence that will cause much sorrow. It has become our painful duty to chronicle the death of one who has lately been conspicuous in the columns of this paper, Professor George Wing. It will be remembered that a little over a year ago, Prof. Wing, then a teacher at the Minnesota Institution, received an offer of a position as a teacher in the Illinois Institution at a large increase of salary. This offer he accepted, and subsequently became the theme of much discussion in the deaf-mute papers, for the reason that the salary paid him was the highest received by any deaf teacher in America, excepting the College professors. The discussion proved very complimentary to Mr. Wing, all acknowledging that his talent and ability were deserving of such signal appreciation. That such an important man is lost to the cause of deaf-mute education is a matter of deep regret, not only to his immediate friends and the institution which he served, but also to every one who has at heart the welfare of the deaf. Our Illinois correspondent sends us a sketch of the life and labors of Prof. Wing, which will be read with interest. Stricken down in the strength of a vigorous manhood and in the zenith of his usefulness, it is hard to realize that what we regard as a calamity is in the inscrutable purpose of an All-wise Providence meant for our good, but still we know that "He doeth all things well." Mr. Wing was a good and consistent Christian, and now the joy is his, the brimming cup of sorrow is for his friends. Let his unexpected death warn us to be prepared, for we know not at what hour any of us may be called.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves to the grim realms of shade
Where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon,
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Like one who folds the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Two years ago Walter Bingham, of North Carolina, graduated with the highest honors, carrying off the gold medal, at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. To-day a sad story is unfolded in which he is the principal actor. He is now a mental wreck, roaming about with a loaded revolver looking for an imaginary enemy The uncertainty as to the fate of the young lady, and the whereabouts of Walter Bingham, makes the situation still more deplorable. It is feared that unless he is taken into custody, he may do harm to unsuspecting persons. Deaf-Mutes recognizing him will do him and the public a great favor by quietly informing the police authorities, so that he can be taken care of. We look forward to a speedy solution of the mystery attaching to Miss Turlington's disappearance, and hope that the conjecture that murder has been committed will be dispelled. He may have hidden her in some out-of-the-way locality, while seeking for his supposed rival.

WE have found it necessary to omit two or three articles this week. They will appear in next issue.

DID HE SLAY LIZZIE?

A Deaf-Mute Suspected of Murdering His Fiancee.

JEALOUSY AND MADNESS.

Story of an Elopement that Probably Ended in a Fearful Crime.

(New York Herald, Dec. 21.)

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 20, 1886.—The disappearance and probable murder by her sweet-heart of Miss Lizzie Turlington, a deaf-mute, has created a great sensation in this city.

The fact that the suspected murderer is on his way to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and threatens to slay his rival, who resides there, adds to the excitement. The man in the case is Walter L. Bingham. He is a son of the late William Bingham, one of the most eminent educators in the South. Walter is also a deaf mute. His home is at Mebanesville, this State, where his mother, a lady of high culture and in easy circumstances, lives. His early education was obtained at the State Institution for Deaf-Mutes in this city. He also studied at the New York Institution at Carmansville. He is and has always been high tempered, this disposition going to extreme lengths, particularly when he is teased, vexed or thwarted. He was once a handsome and manly lad, but became affected with catarrh in a severe form. He went to New York for treatment by a specialist, but through his disease he lost his good looks, his face becoming much disfigured. He returned very recently and was greatly dejected by his affliction. He had come into possession of some property, and funds were deposited in a bank to his credit.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Among the fellow pupils of Bingham at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind here was Lizzie Turlington, also a deaf-mute from Wilmington, this State. Between these two there was a strong attachment, and their mutual love was plainly confessed. Upon the recent completion of Miss Turlington's term as a pupil she was employed as a teacher of deaf-mutes. She was almost an Albino, her hair being nearly white.

She had a slender but yet quite graceful figure, and was very greatly beloved by the other teachers, as well as pupils, for her many attractive qualities and high degree of intelligence. Last summer she attended the national convention of deaf-mute instructors in California, Bingham had for some time pressed her to marry him, but she expressed her determination to postpone the marriage until the end of the current term, which will be next June. To this Bingham consented. She had made an agreement with the Board of Directors of the institution when taking the position of matron that she would give them timely notice if at any time she concluded to marry. They reposed entire confidence in her.

BUYING THE MARRIAGE LICENSE.

On Thursday young Bingham came here. He drew from one of the Raleigh banks $500, besides which he had $200. About nine o'clock on Friday morning he went to the Register of Deeds and obtained a marriage license, paying the fee of $3 therefor. Upon the marriage register is the following entry:—

December 17, 1886, Walter L. Bingham, white, aged 23, of Orange County, to Lizzie Turlington, aged 23, of Wake.

After obtaining this license Bingham went to a livery stable here and hired a horse and buggy. He nert went to the Deaf Dumb Institntion and asked Miss Turlington to leave with him. They drove away, the girl getting into the buggy four squares from the institution. Afternoon came, but with it no traces of either. Then it came to be believed that there was an elopement, as the love of both parties each for the other was known. The girl had told an officer of the Institution that she was going to the city. On Saturday morning it was learned that Bingham had boarded a train at Durham on Friday evening at dusk, having bought a second class ticket for Charlotte. Conductor Jordan knew him well, and not knowing anything about the affair above described paid no particular attention to him. Bingham made inquires of the conductor as to the connection which the train made at Charlotte with trains for Atlanta and New Orleans. Despite these inquiries he left the train at Greensboro, and there all traces of him were lost. As nothing was seen of Miss Turlington, there began to be some suspicion among the people who knew of Bingham's intense jealousy and high temper. An officer of the institution and Chief of Police, Heart, of this city, left for Durham late on Saturday night. Yesterday the Chief of Police telegraphed that a search for the lady was in progress.

THE LAST SEEN OF LIZZIE.

It was found that she and Bingham were seen in the buggy driving along the public road at a point eight miles from this side of Durham. Within five miles of Durham, Bingham was seen in the buggy alone. This was about five o'clock on Friday afternoon. On Sunday the horse and buggy were found in a private stable in Durham. Between the place where Bingham and the girl were seen together and the place where he was seen alone is a stretch of country covered with pine trees, growing so densely as to be impassable save to pedestrians. There are no streams, but the country is seamed here and there with gullies. Revenue officers know the place as one where moonshiners have often hidden. Cider Rock Church stands beside the road in the midst of this thickly wooded district. It is just over the boundary between Wake and Durham counties.

This was the condition of affairs up to yesterday. This Board of Directors of the institution held a meeting and ordered that no pains or money should be spared to find the missing girl. Telegrams were sent South to intercept Bingham, it being the belief of the directors that he had murdered the girl and fled. No tidings of him could be gathered from any point South. All yesterday the search for the girl was continued. More officers of the institution and several private detectives went up to Durham to join in the hunt. A detail of police from this city was sent to assist. The search was kept up last night and morning without avail.

WALTER'S SUPPOSED RIVAL.

There were two theories—one that of murder, held by nearly every one, and another that Bingham had secreted her in some house or else had left her in the woods or on the road. Inquiries were made as to Bingham's disposition. It was said by officers of the institution that he was violently in love with Miss Turlington and that he was horribly jealous of one of the teachers of the institution whose name was McK. Goodwin, of this city. This gentleman was attentive to Miss Turlington. He is not deaf, dumb or blind, but he is a handsome and popular young man. Some months ago he left here to become a teacher in the Iowa State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Council Bluffs. Young Bingham had been teased a great deal about Miss Turlington and had been told that she would marry Goodwin. Bingham had a revolver and bowie knife in his possession. Until this morning the idea prevailed that he had gone South.

THE LAST CLEW TO BINGHAM.

Walter Lenoir Bingham was remembered with pride by the pupils in the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb at 162d street and Hudson River. He had graduated in June, 1884, with honors, and when he set out for his home at Mebanesville, N. C., he carried with him the Holbrook gold medal, which had been awarded to him for highest excellence in all the studies pursued in the high class.

HIS CAREER AT THE SCHOOL.

Bingham, a fine-looking young man, six feet tall, entered the institution, September 20, 1880. He was naturally bright, and in the course of a short time found his way into the higher classes. During the four years that he remained there he made hosts of friends among the pupils, and when at last he had won his laurels and was setting out for his home, all his companions were sorry to part with him.

He had graduated with Anthony Capelli, John Henry Geary, Theodore Irving Lounsbury, George Sidney Porter and Arthur Lincoln Thomas, all of the high class, which was then in charge of Professor Francis D. Clarke.

The graduates were examined by the Rev. H. Morton Reed, and a special examination to determine the question of diplomas, the prize for rhetoric and the Harriet Stoner testimonial was conducted by Professor Clarke, E. H. Currier and Thomas F. Fox, who presented questions covering all the studies of the three years' course—viz., History of England, grammar and rhetoric, physical geography, arithmetic and book-keeping, vegetable physiology, chemistry and physics, moral science and Latin.

A SUDDEN APPEARANCE

Bingham wrote several letters after reaching home, but until last Sunday afternoon he never visited the institution again. He was found strolling through the grounds by several of his former companions, but he appeared to be demented, and he failed to recognize them. Nearly every one he met inside the enclosure by signs he questioned and asked if he was named Goodwin. He disappeared about sun down, and the pupils who had encountered him all declared by signs that he was crazy.

No one at the institution had heard of the suspicion that Bingham was a murderer until a *Herald* reporter called there last night. Then it was remembered the name of the man he was hunting for, and his wild look told the story of his mental condition.

He is probably still in this city, and was last heard of at Rogers & Peet's store on Broadway. Bingham is six feet tall, and has brown hair and eyes. He wears a dark mustache.

IN VAIN THEY SEEK.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 21, 1886.—Search for the body of Lizzie B. Turlington, the deaf-mute who, it is believed, was killed by Walter Bingham, her deaf-mute admirer, was kept up all last night and to-day. Yesterday the search was made near Durham, but to-day that section was not examined, all attention being directed to a belt of country a mile in width near Morrisville, twelve miles from this city.

It was officially reported to-day by Chief of Police Heartt, of this city, who is at the head of the searching party, that he had found that on Friday, at noon, Walter Bingham and Lizzie Turlington passed through Morrisville. A young lady of that place who knew Miss Turlington went out into the street and shook hands with her as she sat in the buggy. Bingham made signs as if he was anxious to be moving and in a few moments the buggy drove off. A mile and an eighth beyond Morrisville and in the direction of Durham a party of men were at work on Friday repairing a bridge across a shallow ravine. At two o'clock Bingham drove up to the bridge alone. He appeared to be in great haste, and did not drive over the bridge but around it through the woods. He then went very rapidly toward Durham.

The searchers have devoted all day to searching the woods on both sides of the road between Morrisville and the bridge and examining the creek, which is quite a fair sized stream there with some deep pools. The country around is rather rugged, and the timber, though small, is dense.

HER BROTHER JOINS THE SEARCH.

When news of Miss Turlington's probable murder and of the flight of Bingham toward Charlotte reached Wilmington, the girl's home, her brother left for Charlotte to try and intercept Bingham. To-day he arrived at Morrisville, accompanied by a detective from Wilmington. He was completely unmanned by grief, but at once joined in the search. A telegram from Wilmington to-day says Miss Turlington's family, a very estimable one, is in the deepest grief over the tragic occurrence. Miss Turlington was greatly beloved in that city as well as here.

W. J. Young, superintendent of the institution of which Miss Turlington was matron, said to-day that she was not born a deaf mute, but became so when two years of age, after an attack of scarlet fever. It was also learned that she had been taught articulation.

Inquiring as to the existence of insanity in Bingham's family elicited the information that one member of it was in an insane asylum here.

BINGHAM BUYING CARTRIDGES.

A telegram from Durham this afternoon says a man has been found there who saw Bingham enter a hardware store last Friday afternoon and buy some cartridges for a revolver. He showed this revolver and a bowie knife to one of the employes at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution here on Thursday.

Yesterday a telegram of warning was sent to Council Bluffs, Iowa, to E. McK. Goodwin, the man whom Bingham, while in New York on Sunday, announced that he intended killing. To-day one of Goodwin's brothers in this city received a telegram from Council Bluffs saying that E. McK. Goodwin was safe and that nothing could be heard of Bingham. The police here have sent despatches about Bingham to scores of places between New York and Council Bluffs.

Any amount of surmises as to the fate of Miss Turlington have started here. Some think that Bingham has tied her to a tree to die a lingering death. Others think he had laid his plan beforehand, and dug a grave in which he has buried her. Yet others believe he has drowned her in the creek.

Fifty different rumors of the finding of the body have found ready credence. The people, of Durham, Morrisville and of all the country round about are as excited as those in this city over the unparalleled mystery.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 43.

KENDALL GREEN, Washington, D. C., December 18, 1886.

(Collected by Thomas Hagerty from the following named friends in Wisconsin:)

Thomas Hagerty, Manitowoc,	$1 00
Lawrence Gromachi, Milwaukee,	25
Walck Gray, Milwaukee,	50
Augustus F. Sonnenberg, Sheboygan,	1 25
A. Prehn, Wausau,	10
John Dill Newton, Manitowoc,	10
Total,	3 20

(Collected by John W. Barrell from the following named pupils in the Kendall School at Washington:)

Edward Lane,	10
Thomas H. Peter,	75
Henry H. Rohrer,	25
Total,	1 10
Total new subscriptions	4 30
Amount reported last week	58 17
Total with Treasurer	62 47
Other cash assets	4,457 51
Total cash assets	$4,516 98

The printer, in giving the distribution of the assets last week, omitted the name of D. Tilden, opposite the sum of $525; and also the sum of $667.47 opposite the name of J. P. Walker.

AMOS G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

Mr. John R. Becker and family are expected to pass the Christmas holidays with relations in Troy, Lansingburgh, and Albany.

Prof. Simpson, of St. Louis, gave a very interesting lecture about his Western trip, at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, two weeks ago.

Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty is going to give a lecture at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, St. Louis, but we do not know what subject he will choose.

Charles Wolff and Edward Harden are the only members of the Typhogracial Union No. 8, among the St. Louis mutes. The former is working on the *Post-Dispatch*, a daily evening paper, and the latter at Kellogg's Printing house.

NEW YORK.

Dr. Peet's Trip.

PROF. JONES IN RICHELIEU

Christmas Outlooks.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The continuance of Dr. Peet's sketch of his recent trip to California took place Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., but it would seem that the enthusiasm of those who attended the first meeting, was not sufficient to induce them to be present at the postponed meeting, of which due notice had been given.

The number present on the occasion did not include two dozen, and the prediction made, that the first meeting was not composed of a representative audience appears to have had the effect of keeping away not only a goodly majority of the "aristocrats," but also the whole number of the so-called "rougher element"—if we are to conclude that these latter are composed of those mutes who hardly, if ever, manifest an inclination to help along a worthy object, the proceeds for which are obtained from a lecture or some other entertainment of a like nature.

Still, those who were present were treated to a rare description by Dr. Peet of his trip after leaving Salt Lake City till his arrival in San Francisco. He was watched with the strictest attention and occupied in all nearly two hours in describing the various points of interest on the way.

At the conclusion of his discourse, Mr. John Carlin make a few remarks on the wonderful scenery to be met with by the traveller journeying through Colorado, and by ten o'clock St. Ann's Sunday school room resumed its usual appearance with little change in the benches to tell the tale of the few who were present during the two hours previous.

Thursday, the 16th inst., Prof. W. G. Jones, in himself (when he has in hand and dramatic tale) a veritable company of actors, treated the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union and some thirty ladies and gentlemen to a presentation of the Shakespeare's "Richlieu." That it was interesting the attention of those present who attested to, but owing to the unexpected duties of the college authorities, the professor was reluctantly obliged to stop when but one-third through with his tale, which not only disappointed himself, but also those present, as the interest in his discourse was becoming just exciting enough at the time he stopped to make the hair on the heads of the audience stand on an end.

Chairman Ennis, of the Lecture Committee, regrets the time was so short, but as it was not due to any fault on either his or the members' part, he will make amends when Prof. Jones continues his subject, by seeing to it beforehand there will be plenty of time at command, and, perhaps, a small hall may be engaged by the Union to allow all who desire to enjoy the continuance of "Richelieu." Due notice will be given, when and where it will take place, and Mr. Ennis, also the members of the Union, cordially invite all to be present.

By the way, we learn from the Reception Committee of the Union that everything is going along as well as could be desired. They have no hesitation in saying it will be the grandest and most enjoyable event of the season, and that their hopes will be realized the successes of their former entertainments will justify. Although not known before, it is now out and has been for the past week, that the Union has a "Mascot," and it seems that when this "Mascot" is present, the event is always successful.

So few know of this "Mascot," we think a few words concerning her, (she's a little girl called "Baby") are necessary. Now three years old, she has been at every affair of the Union, but their first reception, and each time the affairs have been successful. She will be at the coming Fifth Annual Reception, and is now known to every body as the C. L. & B. U.'s "Mascot."

The Gallaudet Ball was the main topic during the week. A few who were not there wanted to know if "Snooks" information of the affair could be relied on, and on being informed that it could, said they wished they had known it before. It is always there they "get left," and in speaking of dresses, we have been told half a dozen times since then, it would be to our advantage to start a dress-making establishment, which has conjectured to us a neat little sign bearing the words: "Mademoiselle Tigg."

CHRUSTMAS OUTLOOKS.

With the coming of Xmas, every body is thinking of what he or she "will give and get."

The best present, perhaps, comes to Jim Donnelly, of Brooklyn. He is to get—well, a wife. What more could a man wish for?

The event will take place in Brooklyn in St. Charles' Church, Sidney Place and Livingstone Street, December 25th. All who wish can be present to see the ceremony performed in the Church, which occurs between five and six P.M., and to Mr. and Mrs. D., we extend our heartiest wishes.

A reception follows at the residence of the bride's parents after the ceremony.—No cards.

Another event takes place in Brooklyn on the same day, in the form of a "Christmas Party" to be given at the residence of Miss Annie Austin. An enjoyable time is promised all who attend, and we will have something to say about it in our next.

Artist Ballin's thirst for gore has created considerable interest. Should the sword contest come off, we think it would attract a large crowd. As regards "buttons," would suggest they be used, as in the event of not being used, a "funeral" would be in order the day following, and both contestants would then want their pictures taken to decorate the "Rogues Gallery."

Mr. W. L. Waters made his first appearance in the Gallaudet Club room last Saturday, and promises to be a "regular" hereafter.

"Mons." Souweine is booming as a business man, having more orders than he can possibly attend to at present.

"De New York Parbers" were the subject of Artist Tresch's artistic ability in last Sunday's *World*.

Little Lounsbury struck it rich, Monday night in coming across a friend from Stamford who plays the leading part in the "Long Strike," a comedy running at the 3d Avenue Theatre. His luck was "two tickets way up front."

MONTAGUE TIGG.

PROF. GEORGE WING.

Prof. George Wing has gone to the home from which nobody returns. His days are numbered; his work on earth is closed; he has gone to receive the reward which awaits him. So, while we grieve for his sudden departure in the midst of his useful life, we are gratified to know that he has done his work well.

On the 6th inst. he was taken sick while in his classroom; he went home, whence he never returned. It was pneumonia that prostrated him. He endured it bravely till Thursday last, at noon.

The news of his death was received here with great sorrow. Nobody had suspected or had the least idea that he would be called away so suddenly. The news was consequently a very great shock to those associated with him, and to all the pupils. Thursday morning word was received here that the prognosis of the case was unfavorable; at twelve o'clock noon, intelligence of his rapidly failing came; and an hour later, his death was made known. Thus all our anxiety for his recovery was futile, and we meekly submit to th Ruler who does all things well, and who has seen fit to remove from our midst one of our associates, whom we have learned to respect and esteem highly.

Prof. Wing was born at Bangor, Maine, March 20, 1841. He partially lost his hearing in boyhood. He attended the Hartford School for a number of years. How often has it pleased him greatly to be able to recall his happy days there and his pleasant associations with a number of bright pupils there then, among whom may be mentioned the names of Prof. John B. Hotchkiss, Prof. Amos G. Draper, Mr. James Denison and Mr. Melville Ballard, all now of Kendall Green, Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, and others.

His father, Hon. Aaron A. Wing, was one of the U. S. Internal Collectors for the State of Maine, under President Lincoln, selecting young Mr. Wing as his chief clerk, because of his being an accurate book keeper and accountant. On the expiration of his father's term, he entered an insurance office at Bangor, and was afterwards engaged in a similar work at Boston, Mass., whence he was called by Mr. Noyes to the Minnesota School in the year 1872. He taught there thirteen years, and in the fall of last year he was called here. While there he acquired a rich experience, especially in the line of teaching the English language, and on account of this valuable experience, he was a great gain to the school here. But before we have profited by it as we hoped to, he was called away, having remained here only fourteen months. Though he had remained here but a short time, he had endeared himself to the teachers and pupils by his warm interest in them one and all.

He married Miss Anna Cummings, a hearing lady of fine intellect, in 1874, and the issue of this marriage was two daughters, aged eleven and four years. The wife and children survive him.

He had the strong constitution of a robust Maine man. With such a fine constitution and in full possession of good health, who could only a few days before his death, have thought he would be so suddenly snatched away from our midst. He seemed to have promise of life to a very old age. At the meeting of the teachers' Association, held just three days before he was stricken down with pneumonia, he was present, and there he appeared strong and well; and then he made several fine points upon teaching Arithmetic. Not even one of us had thought of the approaching severance of his association with us. And to-day he is no more here, and his remains are on the way to Bangor, to be buried beside those of his father.

While teaching at the Minnesota School, Prof. Wing, after a long close, and extensive study of the English language and its grammar, devised a set of symbols, which he intended for the use of teachers as a tool to help the pupils to construct and correct sentences. Since coming here, a number of teachers applied to him for instruction in the use of these symbols. It takes a man with a strong mind and a firm will a number of years to take his place in that branch of teaching. This assertion is supported by the fact that all his instructions and explanations in answer to queries from the teachers, were always concise, yet clear; so clear that a person of an average intellect could see through them and grasp the intended meaning or plan of the explanation. Thus he proved himself master of his method of teaching language with the use of symbols.

Not only had he studied into the deep mysteries of the language, but also he had taken up several other sciences. That he had made an extensive study of the sciences and that he was well posted in them, was demonstrated in his lecture on Astronomy before the literary club. What he had given out there was simply a part of what he had learned. It was given *impromptu*, yet it was clear evidence of the extent of his learning in science.

That he had made an extensive and careful study of the English Language and its grammar, has been shown in his valuable contributions to the American Annals for the Deaf.

He had a wonderful storehouse of facts and anecdotes which he had met with in his daily observation, and of those which he had heard and read. Though they were so numerous, yet he could recall any of them to illustrate or emphasize any topic of conversation, he saw fit. Thus he drew many persons to him for this information on any subject they might open to him He kept them interested always in his forthgoings

Yet only those who have been near him, have learned the extent of his learning, his modesty having kept all from coming to the public.

Indianapolis.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—I take great pleasure in renewing my subscription to the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL. I have become so much accustomed to its weekly visits, that I hardly believe I could bear the consequences of a discontinuation of the same.

We were all surprised (and agreeably, too) to learn of Mr. Dantzer's appointment as teacher at the Institution. Much credit is due Superintendent Baker for this excellent appointment. Mr. Dantzer has all the requisites of a successful teacher, and that he will answer fully to the expectations of his friends is out of the question. The College which graduated this brilliant young man is to be congratulated upon his success.

Miss Ida E. Price, teacher at the Institution, has been obliged to lay aside for a time the duties of her office, on account of failing health. We all wish her a speedy and entire recovery.

There was quite a large delegation of college boys among us, Thanksgiving week: Sansom, Kerney, Morrow, Berg, Dantzer and Lynch A rugby foot ball game was played at the Athletic Park on Thanksgiving day between a team composed in part of the aboved named mutes, and a regularly organized eleven from two adjoining universities. The score was 48 to 0 in favor of the mutes. The papers of the next day, went wild with praises of the work of the mutes. The wonderful drop-kicking of Berg, the half-back playing of Sansom and Lynch, and the rush line work of Dantzer and Kerney, were features of the game. Berg scored a goal by a drop kick almost from the centre of the field. Berg had been for the two previous months training the very teams, which were pitted against his picked eleven but beaten. The cold that day was piercing; there was literally a snow storm that was blinding, and the wind was on its "mettle." Yet some of our fair favorites were not kept from witnessing the game. Among them were Misses Coe, Price, Kurtz and Maudie Moore, with a cousin. We also noticed Messrs. Jutt, Morrow, Bierhaus, Michael and Cavanaugh.

Mr. Berg expects to be in Jacksonville, Ill., during the approaching holidays. M. R. T.

Notices.

Christmas services will be interpreted for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., at eight A.M., and also in Calvary Church, Brooklyn, E. D., at 11 A.M.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held in the Chapel of Trinity Church, Newark, next Sunday, Dec 26th, at 11 A.M.

Epiphany, January 6th, will be the Anniversary of one of the most interesting events of our Saviour's life, *i. e.*, the visit of the wise men from the east, who having followed the wonderful star to Bethlehem, paid their homage to him and presented him with gold, frankincense and myrrh. At the 7:45 P.M. service in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., there will be appropriate illustrations of the sign language by pupils of Miss Montgomery, and also by Messrs. Gamage and Jones. Dr. Peet will interpret orally.

The Rev. T. B. Berry will hold services in the sign language as follows:

Jan. 4.—Syracuse, St. Paul's Chapel, 7:30 P.M.

Jan. 5.—Elmira, Trinity Church, 7:30 P.M.

Jan. 6.—Binghamton, Christ Church, 7:30 P.M.

The Deaf-Mutes of Elmira and vicinity are cordially invited to the service to be held in that city on the 5th, as it is hoped regular services for their benefit may be established on that occasion.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Examinations at Hand.

A SHORT LIFE ENDED.

Various Matters.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

The week preceding term examinations is always a dull one, for the students are altogether too much absorbed in their preparations for the approaching ordeal for any event of importance to happen or any particularly remarkable piece of mischief to be perpetrated. The studious men are busily engaged in reading up their weak points, while those who have not hitherto been distinguished by any particular attention to their books, have suddenly developed a studiousness which would be regarded as marvelous at any other time. But this dullness of which we speak is not confined to the week preceding examinations; but is characteristic of the whole college year. Of course something does happen every now and then, but events which are of absorbing interest to the student would hardly prove so to the majority of our readers. The discovery of a new solution of particularly intricate trigonometrical problem, of an unusual use of the adverbial accusative of specification, or of the first person dual middle of a Greek verb, is an event which provokes an interested discussion, but one which is not likely to create much enthusiasm in among the readers of the JOURNAL. Were events of this description proper subjects for the pen of the college chronicler, he would find little difficulty in filling twice the number of columns which he does now.

Examinations will begin on Tuesday, the 21st, and will continue until Thursday, the 23d. On Friday, the results of the examination will be announced, and the Christmas vacation will be begun. Every student, whether he has any good reason for it or not, has a reverential and almost superstitious fear of examinations. During his introductory year, he is entertained by the upper class men with recitals of the extreme difficulty of these examination and the fiendish barbarity of the examiners, until he comes to regard them as an inevitable and frightful ordeal. In time he finds this idea is a mistaken one, but never wholly outgrows his first impression, and cannot help being a little nervous as examination day approaches. However, he gains some satisfaction in frightening the unfortunates of the introductory class, and this goes a great way.

It is with regret that in announce, the death of Mr. William Denison, which occurred on Friday morning last. Mr. Denison was an orphan nephew of Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet. He has been in poor health for some time, and had been staying for several weeks at Dr. Gallaudet's residence. Thursday afternoon, he went to the city, and when he returned he complained of of feeling worse, and Dr. Gallaudet remained with him until midnight. In the morning when Dr Gallaudet visited his room he was found unconscious, and Dr. Lincoln, when summoned, pronounced him dead. The immediate cause of his death was syncope of the heart. Mr. Denison was a very intelligent young man, having graduated from the University of Vermont. As a boy and a man he was well known on the Green, and, before his health failed, was on very friendly terms with the students, and took part in the first game of foot-ball played on the Green. His remains were taken to Hartford for burial.

Professor Porter is quite a *connoissieur* in the way of engravings, and posseses a fine collection of his own. A few days since he received quite a large number of rare etchings and engravings from a New York dealer for examination, and he invited a few of the students, one of whom your correspondent had the good fortune to be, to look them over. There were several etchings by Rembrandt, Corot, Albrecht, Durer and other celebrated artists. The engraving that excited the most attention was a small one, no larger than a silver dollar, by Albrecht Durer representing the crucifixion. This diminutive specimen of the engraver's art, half lost in a wide waste of white paper, was valued at the seemingly disproportionate sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The tower clock is usually a very reliable timepiece, and has behaved itself with exceptional propriety up to the present. But on Tuesday afternoon, for some reason best known to itself, it stopped running altogether, and next morning the students on that side of the college building were a good deal surprised to find that it was broad daylight at three o'clock in the morning. Workmen were sent up into the tower to set the clock, and in closing the trap door they permitted the lock to catch and effectually imprisoned themselves. Their shoutings attracted no attention, and they were obliged to take the hinges off the door at the cost of considerable labor before they could free themselves.

Owing to various causes, the students made no attempt to celebrate the birthday of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet a in fitting manner, but it is hoped that an entertainment for the benefit of the statue fund will be given at an early date. The college, as being at the head of the educational institutions for the deaf in the country, ought to display the warmest interest in the success of the project, and do all in its power to swell the amount of the fund.

Enalls J. Adams, '90, our only colored student, has left college, permanently. His withdrawal was made at the instance of the faculty.

What little snow remained on the ground at last writing went very quickly, and now the ground is quite bare. We have had one slight snowstorm, during the past week, and several rain-storms. It looks as if this winter was going to be a failure in the way of coasting and sleighing.

Invitations for the coming pantomime entertainment are out. The entertainment will take place in the college chapel on Thursday evening, December 30th. The committee having charge of the arrangements, are hard at work, and are determined to make it a success. The exact programme has not yet been decided on, but will soon be given out.

Professor Chickering is announced to give a lecture before the members of the Y. M. C. A., in the city, on "What I saw in Alaska," some time next month.

The football team was photographed on Saturday last, at Prince's studio in the city.

The *Evening Star*, of Saturday, a letter from Dr. Gallaudet vigorously protesting against the policy of Congress, which permits railroads to cut up the streets of the city, and endanger the life and limbs of citizens. He suggested that the railroads be compelled to purchase their right of way through the city, and cross every street either above or below grade.

Yesterday was Forefathers' Day, and Prof. Chickering delivered a sermon on the Pilgrim Fathers, such as only a native of New England can deliver. VAN.

D c. 20, 1886.

Circleville, Ohio.

Tug Ecord, Williamsport, O., was seen in this city last Tuesday, looking rosy and healthy, in short, looking his very best. He said he has hunted very little this fall, owing to the farmers prohibiting trespassers on their premises. Tug stated his best luck for any one day was forty-eight quails, not counting the rabbits, which, no doubt, were several in number, as they are quite abundant over there along big Deer Creek.

The father of the Misses Hays, of Monroe Township, this county, was in this city this week, and reported his mute daughters as being in excellent health and enjoying themselves.

Peter J. Leist, an uneducated semi-mute of this vicinity, reports having shot over nine hundred quails since the quail law expired November 11th. His relatives shipped them to Eastern markets, and Mr. Leist received one dollar and twenty-five cents per dozen for them, which proved much more profitable than husking corn for three cents per bushel.

It appears as though about all the mutes of this county, are something more or less sporting men. Your correspondent himself takes considerable interest in sporting matters, more especially of the most noble animals, "Horses."

Samuel S. Neuner, a brother of William Neuner, of Mansfield, O., and C. C. Neuner, of this city, returned home last Saturday night from several months' sojourn at Mansfield, O. He report William Neuner's health is improving slowly, while his wife and daughter, Miss Libbie, enjoy excellent health. He also reports Mr. and Mrs. Rives Tarleton as being well, and doing well. And Hiram N. Gilkison, better known as "Gilk" in the *Vis-a-Vis*, now *Mute's Chronicle*, as being married to a speaking lady, of Mansfield. Accept our congratulations, "Gilk."

Several well-known mutes visited at Mansfield, and at William Neuner's and Rives Tarleton's residences this fall and winter, among whom were E. R. Carroll, of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn, of near North Fairfield, Miss Huff, Mr. and Mrs. Streby and an old German gentleman, who was very intelligent, having been educated in Germany. He reported himself as having been all over the United States, and was in three countries with the "cow boys" and came very near losing his "scalp" each time. William Neuner was greatly interested in this gentleman, and also in E. R. Carroll.

Miss Mollie A. Marks, who for several years, remained in the family of the "Editor" of the *Mute's Chronicle*, Columbus, is now with her relatives at Lucas, O., but intends, ere long, to go and live in the family of her aunt at Canton, Ohio.

Samuel McClannahan, formerly of Hallsville, a few miles of this city, gave a magic lantern exhibition in a district school house, near Wm. Neuner's and Rives Tarleton's residences near Mansfield, recently. He was accommodated by those two gentlemen, both at night and meal time, but what disgusted his hosts, was his, McClannahan's habit of misrepresenting other mute families and their private affairs, where he had been kindly received, and yet free of charge at that. Such nonsense and ungentlemanly conversation so disgusted one of his hosts up there, that he, McClannahan, narrowly escaped being "kicked" out of the house, in the darkness. The proper place for such rascals is in the "Work House," the "Chain Gang" or the "Pen," as they are unfit to be admitted in public society or in decent deaf-mute families And again, McClannahan has a wife and two little children, who are in destitute circumstances. He deserted them, and to make it look in his favor, he tells us that his wife deserted him, but that is "too thin," for the writer is acquainted in the vicinity where they lived, and has good authority for the above statements. ROBIN HOOD.

LOWELL.

GALLAUDET HONORED.

A Social though not a Financial Success.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The first and long anticipated ball of the deaf-mutes of New England took place in Mechanic Hall, Lowell, on Friday evening, December 10th. The object was a two-fold one. While it was in behalf of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, they, at the same time, met in social enjoyment, such as it is seldom their good fortune to have in New England. The occasion was not a financial success as they hoped for, but it was nevertheless enjoyable.

At 8:30, the grand march struck up, with Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, in the lead, who was attired in full evening dress.

Then came the dancing. There were fifteen pieces down on the programme, appended as follows:

MARCH AND CIRCLE.

1 Quadrille		*Rev. T. H. Gallaudet*
2 Quadrille		*Laurent Clerc*
3 Quadrille		*Hartford School*
Waltz.		*Schottische.*
4 Quadrille		*G. C. M. F. Committee*
5 Quadrille		*N. E. G. A.*
6 Contra		*Virginia Reel*
7 Quadrille		*President Weeks*
8 Quadrille		*National Deaf-Mute College*
* *Waltz*	*Polka.*	*Schottische.*
9 Contra		*Lady Washington's Reel*
10 Quadrille		*Waltz*
11 Quadrille		*Editor Hodgson*
Waltz.		*Redowa.*
12 Quadrille		*"Cincinnatus"*
13 Quadrille		*"Silent" Society*
14 Quadrille		*Floor Director and Aids*
15 Quadrille		*Portland Fancy*

Waltz, Oh, please just once more.

Sets were formed and merrily reeled off, accompanied by the sweet strains of music from Butterfield's orchestra, until intermission, when they marched to the banquet hall.

Page and Nunn, caterers, furnished their wants at seventy-five cents per person, and the way the viands disappeared was a good advertisement for the caterers who furnished the refreshments.

Dancing was resumed after supper, and ended at one o'clock. From then, the time was given to a Pantomimic Entertainment, in three acts, as follows:

PANTOMIME.

ACT I.—LOVE IN AMBUSH.

CHARACTERS.

Stephen, the Parent	*G. C. Sawyer*
Frank, the Lover	*J. W. Soper*
Jennie, the Maiden	*J. H. Baker*

ACT II.

Japanese Fan Tricks	*Jesse H. Baker*

ACT III —THE VILLAGE GHOST, OR LOVE AND MURDER, BOTH FOUND OUT.

CHARACTERS.

Master Tommy, (A Mischievous Boy)	*J. W. Soper*
Old Mark, (A Retired Farmer)	*G. C. Sawyer*
William, (A Sailor)	*M. T. O'Neil*
M. Videle, (A Country Fop)	*J. V. Nelson*
Ada, (The Village Belle)	*J. H. Baker*
Mrs. Bags, (A House Keeper)	*G. E. Tripp*

Scene, Villa and Outskirts of Bagdom.

The play was acted with considerable merit and with credit to those who participated, and that it was enjoyed as well as appreciated by the guests, was seen from the frequent bursts of applause.

A most amusing feature of the ball was the awarding of prizes, which began at 3:30 in the morning.

For the most graceful waltzer, first prize was given to Miss Louisa Carton, of Chelsea, Mass. It was a beautiful peacock plush album.

The second prize, a writing desk, was captured by Miss Belle Flagg, of Boston.

For the best player in the game of "Dumb Band," a plush box of perfumery was awarded to Miss Julia Gibson, of Vermont.

In the same game, Mr. F. W. Bigelow won a plush box, containing a complete shaving outfit.

Miss West, of Lowell, won a panel of Magdalene, in a game of Parchessi.

At six o'clock in the morning, the lights in the ball were turned down, and the first ball in Lowell was over.

PERSONAL MENTION

Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred people were present.

Much credit is due to Mr. George C. Sawyer, the manager, who spent his best efforts to make it both successful financially, as well as enjoyable He was distinguished by a badge of white and gold.

As Floor Director, Mr. Thomas J. McLaughlin did his part most becomingly, and to him is accredited the excellent order on the floor. He wore a white and gold badge.

The "Aids," wearing blue and gold badges, did their best to assist Mr. McLaughlin, and make the guests feel happy. They were Messrs. Thomas Rowe, Jesse H. Baker, J. F. Donohue, M. J. O'Neil, and Howard H. Mayberry.

The Reception Committee were distinguished by red and silver badges, and performed their duties to the satisfaction of everybody. Their names are J. W. Soper, George E Tripp, Edwin E. Estabrook, and James T. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., were warmly greeted by their friends,

Prof. W. H. Weeks chatted with old and new friends on different topics. He preached to the deaf-mutes at Lowell on the 12th ult.

Vermont was represented by Mr. John T. Keefe and Miss Julia Gibson. The former has moved his stock in boots and shoes into one of the best stores in Bellows Falls, Vt.

Mr. J. T. Keefe went to Boston after the Ball, on business in connection with boots and shoes before returning to Vermont.

Mr. H. C. Babbitt was seen to exercise extra care, while dancing for fear of falling on the slippery floor.

From all appearance, Mr. James Dolan, of Rhode Island, enjoyed himself immensely.

Miss Deering, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Deering, of Maine, a hearing and speaking lady, was the belle of the ball. She wore pink satin, trimmed with lavender velvet and cream lace.

Messrs. Babbitt, Gerry, Mrs. Bigelow, her sister, Miss Nettie Ladd, and others, went to see the residence of Gen. B. F. Butler.

Some said that Miss Nettie Ladd, sister of Mrs. F. W. Bigelow, was the handsomest lady at the Ball.

REPORTER.

BOSTON, Dec. 14, '86.

BOSTON.

Last Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Anson T. Colt, of New York, made his first appearance at the St. Peter's, on the corner of Main and Vernon streets, Cambridgeport. The mutes who were present, were glad to get acquainted with him. The rector of the church, Rev. Mr. Gushee, preached to his congregration, while the New York Minister was acting as their intrepreter, taking for the text from one of the Revelation chapters: Blessed is he that watcheth. The other words he read were, "Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not, by it, turn from it and pass away." We have received of God those positive orders and the Lord will give us strength to be faithful to Him and to keep his commandments. After the hymn was sung, the rector spoke of the foolish virgins. It must not be supposed that all nominal Christians are here intended. They who make a creditable profession of the Gospel, and act in such a manner as to give real Christians a favorable opinion of them and so gain admittance into their society, are exclusively meant. Of the ten virgins mentioned by our Lord, five were wise, and five were foolish. The foolish had lamps, but no oil in their vessels with which to replenish them: that is, they had just as much religion as was necessary in order to make a plausible appearance; but their hearts were not truly sanctified and stored with holy affections, by the new-creating Spirit of God. But the wise virgins, when they came to trim their lamps, had oil ready with which to replenish them; thus true Christians are habitually ready for all events. But we should examine ourselves whether we be in the faith. How dreadful will be the case of those who do not seek the things which accompany salvation till the time is past—who do not knock till the door is finally closed! We were advised to let ourselves ever be on our watch, for we know not either the day or the hour when our Lord cometh. It was worth going to listen to the above discourse.

The Cambridge Society of Mutes will have their first annual election of officers at 7:30 P.M., on the first Thursday in January, at the Sunday School room of the St. Peter's. It is hoped that all members will be present. The report will be sent to the JOURNAL.

The young deaf mute social club was formed last September in Boston. It now numbers seventeen members. Monthly assessments, $1. It has a very good finanical standing, having about $50 in the treasury. Until they secure a hall, they will meet at the house of Mr. W. H. Krause. They will hold at Wells Memorial Hall, 987 Washington St., Friday, December 31st, a mask entertainment. Prizes, which after the lecture of your humble correspondent at the Alpha Hall Messrs. McNeil and Krause shewed to us, will be given to the successful winners in dancing, dumb band and the like amusements. I wish them a much success, not only in their entertainment but in their club as well. The organization is designed for the promotion of social pleasure. The proceeds from the coming entertainment will be devoted to the club's use.

On Wednesday evening, the 1st inst., at the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, a lively and somewhat caustic debate between Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, of Lowell and Mr. Frank W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, opened the question of "Which exercises the greater influence on the civilization and happiness of the human race, the male or the female mind?" It was really interesting and important. Mr. Bigelow, in favor of the female, made some strong points on the education of mothers to children and on Alfred the Great, successfully and well trained by his honored mother, and on Esther, saving the lives of the Hebrews from death, planned by Wicked Haman. Each debator's discussion was of abont a half hour's duration, and were very closely listened to and were warmly applauded. The judges, who were Fred W. Wood, Harry E. Babbitt and "Mayflower," decided that Mr. Bigelow won it, according to the merits of the arguments used by the debators, although some thought Mr. Sawyer had the best of the arguments put forth. The proceeds, $6 10, will go to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund (admission ten cents).

The Committee has selected the following ladies, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes and Mrs Rhoda Barnard, for the purpose of studying a question for coming debate on the 29th of this month.

MAYFLOWER.

Olathe, Kan.

THANKSGIVING DAY—THE GALLAUDET MEMORIAL—THE NEXT DEBATE—HITHER AND THITHER.

On Thanksgiving Day, the boys of the Athletic Olympic Club had a frolic at the diversion of "Hares and Hounds." Four of them were harriers, and the other four were hounds, who chased the former to a distance, from the school, of four miles, and at last two of the harriers were laid hold of; but the others got out of the way of capture.

At the same time, what a pompous time we had, regaling ourselves with good viands, and we were diverted with different games, all day. The same evening, the Athletic Club appeared in the chapel, gracefully moving by regular steps and in order, as soldiers do, and swung the dumbbells and Indian clubs, with elegant grace.

What [illegible] of H. Phillips has been institut[illegible] collector of funds from the deaf-mute residents of Kansas, the present and quondam scholars of this Institution, and their parents, brothers, sisters, and relatives, for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. We should remember that Mr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of the first institution in "Columbia," for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, was our warm friend. He felt a genuine cordiality towards us. He proved us to be capable of gaining knowledge and mental training, and we owe a debt of gratitude to him.

Indeed, all the pupils had a gala day, commemorating the anniversary of Mr. Thomas H. Gallaudet's birth.

The entertainment was a display of great splendor in the chapel on the night of the 10th ult. The people completely filled the chapel, and the next day reported that they had greatly enjoyed the entertainment. By this, forty-two dollars were taken in, which will be sent to Mr. Draper, of Washington, D. C., for the Gallaudet Memorial.

At the next meeting of the Literary Society, the question which wil be discussed, is: "*Resolved*, That the girls should be admitted to the National Deaf-Mute College, the same as the boys." Ed. H. Hatcher and Ed. E. Naughton sustain the affirmative, and Dan. Sullivan and Geo. Benson favor the negative.

The following is taken from the Neodesha *Register*:

Mr. and Mrs. Des. E. Hall, the mutes, have secured the agency for a wholesale house in Chicago for the sale of laces, tidies, shams and all kinds of small notions as well as many articles of ladies' and children's wear, which are sold at astonishing low prices.

We have received a rumor that "Chox Tozz" has finished the study of the German language and is crop full of Dutch words, also that he is applying his mind to the study of the Greek and French languages with the intention of entering College a year hence. He has written an interesting communication in the *Star*, and we are much pleased with it.

Our superintendent, S. F. Walker, has received information recently, that his best friend, Dr. Gillett, the president of the "Prairie State" Institution, will come in the near future and be a guest here. We hope Dr. Gillett's visit will be a pleasant one.

"Van," will you kindly inform us throug the JOURNAL, whether Mr. Elsworth Long is at the present time, a student at the College. He was taught here for a few years, but graduated at the Iowa Institution about two years ago.

The Athletic Club obtained a brace of parallel bars this week for practice, and they are progressing well in the practice of powerful and dexterous olympic games.

William E. Brown, Class of '82, who has entered his name for the *Star*, is achieving success, and doing good as a barber at Industry, Kansas.

Our "noble-spirited" half-breed, Winfield Cowley, was, a short time ago, taken by Mr. Frank Lanter, our Steward, to Winfield, Kan., where he is cared for in the Feeble-minded Asylum. He was disqualified for the acquisition of an education. Alas! poor Winfield.

Mr. David Sutton, the generally acknowledged correspondent of the *Chronicle*, was on a visit to his son, last Thanksgiving day.

Peter Mitchell, one of the pupils at Fanwood (N. Y.), is a correspondent of the *Star*. He writes interesting letters.

Prof. H. Phillips has been invited to lecture before a number of the deaf-mutes at Kansas City, Mo., next Sunday.

Mr. John Grimm, who has been, for a long time, peddling trifling objects in this city, has at last gone forth, seeking new pastures.

Willie M. Sullivan, who has been admitted as a member of the School here, was formerly in the Nebraska Schoolat Omaha.

On the 25th ult., we were pleased to receive a short visit from Mr. James Kearns, of Baldwin City. He is an ex-pupil of this school.

Mr. Paul Hubbard was formerly a pupil of this Institution, but is now at school in Colorado. The following item is a clip from the *Index*:

"A few days ago, Paul Hubbard's left cheek was swollen. Poor Paul." Paul, what was the matter with you.

SOUTHERN BOY.

FANWOOD.

Is Walter L. Bingham Insane?

EXCITEMENT OVER THE AFFAIR.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent)

Walter L. Bingham, of North Carolina, who graduated in '84 with the highest honors, turned up unexpectedly last Sunday at three o'clock in the afternoon. He walked in the boys' study room, sat down to a desk, took off his hat, and rested his head on his hand. His gait was lacking that of a man of vigor, his face was haggard and his eyes had a listless far-away look. He recognized no one, not even his old school associates who proffered their hands with a glad "How do you do?" There were only two things on his mind. One was the name of Goodwin, the teacher at the Council Bluffs Institution, and the other Miss Lizzie Turlington, matron of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute in North Carolina. He swore he would shoot Goodwin, and had come to New York to find him. He flourished a new revolver in the presence of Supervisors Howell and Emmons, and mistook F. R. Stryker, who was on a visit, for the person of his search, saying that if he was really Goodwin, he would shoot him on the spot. A marriage license, dated December 17th, was shown, and soon after he disappeared to whither no one knew. That he is insane is evident, and it appears that he was engaged to be married to Miss Lizzie Turlington, while Ed. Goodwin was paying her some attention that made him jealous.

As Mr. A. L. Thomas was waiting at the Desbroses Street Ferry of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he met Bingham scanning every person he met. Thomas recognized Bingham, but when he met his stare, he felt deceived and puzzled, until Bingham asked him if he was Goodwin, then Thomas was convinced beyond a doubt that it was him. Thomas described him as acting like one of unsound mind, which corresponds with that said of him by the boys. In addition to the marriage license, a letter was also shown Mr. Thomas written by Miss Turlington to the mother of Mr. Bingham, beginning with "My dearest mother," and asking the date fixed for the marriage to be postponed, but Mr. Bingham snatched the letter from Mr. Thomas, before he had finished reading, and returned it to his pocket with fire in his eyes.

The occurrence has caused a good deal of excitement and pity among those who knew him here, to have meet him in such a plight, and the Institution did all it could to find Mr. Bingham, and prevent him from carrying out his deadly purpose, and have him placed in proper hands. A telegram was dispatched to Raleigh, N. C., on Monday, and the daily papers of Tuesday said that he was suspected of murder of his intended bride.

Miss Elnora F. Smith, formerly a pupil of Fanwood, was married to Mr. James King, of Morgansville, N. J., on the 1st of October last. The bride and groom are both colored deaf-mutes, and the marriage ceremony was performed by a colored minister. They have settled on a farm which the mother of the latter has left him.

"Seymour A. Berray, of Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., has received the appointment to a position in the Government printing Office in Washington, D. C."—*The Middletown, (Orange County) Press, Dec.* 4, 1886.

Mr. Berray was educated at the Fanwood School, and graduated three years ago, when he was a member of the High Class. He has been in the printing office for several years, and it will be a surprise to his old classmates to hear that he is in luck, and their hopes are that he will prosper in his new position.

Henry Davitt, who graduated from the Fanwood School some four years ago, is still working on the daily *Freeman*, at Rondout, N. Y. It is said that the foreman of that office speaks favorably of him as one of the quickest type setters. He is expecting to be able to visit the school on next commencement day.

On Friday evening last, the Peet Literary Society held its regular meeting. President Geary was not present, and though Vice President Mitchell was a debator, Secretary Durian was appointed to preside at the meeting. So he called the Society to order, and read the rolls and minutes of the last meeting, which were unanimously adopted. Then followed a debate, with Mr. F. M. Houck on the Affirmative side, and his opponent, Mr. Peter Mitchell, Jr., on the Negative side of the following question: "Should the 'Prohibition Amendment' be put in the Constitution of the United States?" There was a good battle and after a vote was taken, the decision was in favor of the Affirmative side. The Society then adjourned until the 14th of January.

Mrs. Webling, formerly supervisor at Fanwood, died at four o'clock A.M. Monday last. The funeral took place on Tuesday at one o'clock P.M.

AQUILA.

M. W. Carr, the typo of Cairo, Ill., has gone to Sparta, Ill., to spend the Christmas holidays.

Brilliant Wedding.

A most brilliant wedding in of La Porte, Ind., took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, December 8th. Mr. George W. Carlisle, of Walnut, and Miss Hulda C. Swanson, of LaPorte, were united in wedlock at seven P.M. About one hundred people witnessed the marriage ceremony.

After the wishes of much joy and long life, they were much surprised to be led to a table which was spread full of nice presents of almost every description, amounting in value to about $50. The names of the deaf and their presents are as follows; A tea set of dishes, from Richard Cross and wife, Daniel Cross and wife, Peter Shuster and wife, J. J. Cross and wife, and B. C. Cross and wife; a glass cradle to put soap in, and toothpick-holder, from Lola M., daughter of J. J. Cross; a slipper match case, lamp, fancy work basket and duster from B. C. Cross's children; silver salt and pepper castor, Jesse Cross and wife; fruit dish and spoon holder, P. M. Minor; butter dish and syrup pitcher (which always holds sweetness), Emma Collins; castor, E. N. Bowes and wife; tidy, Pauline Acheson, of Boston; looking glass, Grace Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, Mich; white bed-spread, Ben Nordyke, wife and son, Robert; glass boat full of joy, and cheese-plate, M. Lill; tray, W. H. Whitmore; two vases, Ida Dan; glass fruit dish, N. D. Barnum and wife; and many other nice presents from their hearing friends, too numerous to mention.

Two long tables were spread with the most bountiful of delicious eatables.

After supper was over, the time was spent in enjoyment until the patient old clock said tick, tick, for twelve o'clock. They all began to scatter for their homes, leaving behind many wishes of good luck, long life, and much happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle.

AN EYE WITNESS.

INDIANA.

G. W. Carlisle and John Kling helped Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Cross eat chicken on Thanksgiving day.

Miss P. Acheson visited Miss G. Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, Mich., on Thanskegiving, and speaks of having had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Cross gave an oyster supper on the 11th of this month, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle. There were seventeen mutes. At half past eleven, they all departed for home, delighted with the good time they had.

Mr. W. H. Whitmore, of La Porte, was at the supper, and spent the night at the home of the host and hostess.

J. J. Cross' two children have been very low with the whooping cough and scarletina, but are now about well.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Nordyke's hearing daughter Mary, is now teaching School in Kingsbury, near her home. We wish her success.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Carlisle are visiting their deaf friends in Waterford.

Miss Ida Dare, of Walkerton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Cross.

G. W. Carlisle and wife are expecting to visit the former's home in Walnut, next week, where they will remain until Spring.

P. Minor has been out at work, but has returned to his old home.

Murt Hartney, of Chicago, paid some of the deaf of Waterford a visit a few weeks ago.

Joshua Loving, of Union Mills, is on the sick list.

We are waiting to hear of another wedding some time soon, as Phil. is still a bachelor.

JUXTA.

MICHIGAN CITY, 12-13-'86.

DEAF, DUMB AND A GERMAN.

VAIN ATTEMPTS OF THE POLICE TO DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF A HALF-FROZEN LAD.

When Police Fitzibbons, of the Eighth precinct, went on duty yesterday morning he noticed a German lad standing shivering on the corner of Thompson and Broome streets. He spoke to him, but received only vacant stare in answer. Fitzgibbons thought the boy drunk and took him to the station house. Arrived there, the boy maintained his stolid indifference, except that he seemed glad to get into a warmed room, and held his hands to the red-hot stove.

Fitzgibbons took him to Jefferson Market Court after he had been warmed and told Justice Gorman as much as he knew about him. The interpreter fired all kinds of questions at the boy leaning on the iron railing in front of the Justice but the vacant stare did not leave his face. Under the name of John Doe he was committed for examination by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

In the prison Keeper Lestrange tried to learn the boy's name, but in vain.

Detective James Price, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, came in, saw the trouble and tried the sign language on John. This brought a smile to the boy's face, and he counted eighteen of his fingers and began spelling away at a great rate. Price's turn to stare had come, and he looked in great disgust at the rapid fingers as they spelled out strange words. All knew now that he was deaf and dumb.

When the poor boy saw Price turn away the look of pain and disappointment on his face was pitiful. He was locked up.—*N. Y. Herald, Dec.* 18.

Mr. Job. Turner's letters are very excellent, and he is always welcome in St. Louis.—*Cor.*

Miss Lizzie McCormack now resides in Cincinnati. Her former home was Greenfield, Ohio.

Miss Annabelle Kent has opened a Studio and Art School at No. 75 Bleecker Street, Gloversville, N. Y.

Mrs. Dougherty, *nee* Wicktom, of St. Louis, is pleased with her new brick house, containing four comfortable rooms, and of course, she is an excellent housekeeper.

From Rev. Job Turner.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 13, 1886.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Yesterday afternoon, I conducted a service in St. Paul's Church this city, about twenty-five mutes being present, despite the bad weather, a number of them came from New Albany, Ind., to attend this service. Their appearance did me good.

Last Friday, I called on Mr. Robert H. King, in Lexington, Ky., on my way hither from Virginia. He told me that he had, a few days before, met a deaf-mute man named O'Brien, a graduate of a deaf-mute school in Ireland, that he had only recourse to the English double-handed Alphabet which he mastered with facility, and that he commanded *accurate language* by writing. The English alphabet ought to be introduced into all of our deaf-mute institutions to be used with ours. Last Saturday, I came across a young speaking lady, who used this mode of conversation without any difficulty.

I learned yesterday that a deaf-mute stranger was waylaid and robbed of his money in a dark street in this city, one night a few weeks ago. Deaf-mutes should never walk through *strange cities* after dark.

I met a gentleman in this city from Toronto, Canada, last Saturday, and he could spell on his fingers, saying that he had seen the deaf and dumb institution, at Belleville.

My warm friend, Superintendent Mathison, of that school, has given me a kind invitation to visit to him as a guest. I hope to have that pleasure before long. I have never forgotten, the very kind treatment which I received at the hands of its officers, about five years ago. I am I feel proud to say, an honorary member of the Literary Deaf-Mute Society or Club at the Institution, if it is still in existence.

Yesterday morning, a book, printed in 1753, met my eyes. It gives an account of a deaf, dumb and blind man as follows:—

"At the village of Aronche, Spain, lives Gonzales de Castro, who, from the age of twelve to fifty-two, was deaf, dumb and blind. He submitted to his deplorable misfortune cheerful, and the misfortune itself, endeared him to the village.

"It happened one day, as he was sitting at his door, and offering up his mental prayers to St. Iago, that he found himself, on a sudden, restored to all the privileges he had lost. The news ran quickly through the village; and all the people thronged round him with congratulations. But he began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments. Afterwards he lived to a comfortless old age, despised by his neighbors, for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves. He breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that 'He, who would enjoy many friends and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb and blind to the follies and voices of it.'"

Just before leaving Staunton, Va., I received an interesting letter from a lady friend in Salt Lake City, Utah, who, so kindly entertained me at her house in that city on my way to California. She speaks in kind terms of Prof. Henry C. White and his wife. They have a little daughter and have had her baptized in the Episcopal church. They are very happy and their school is doing nicely. The counties in Utah, only provide for one pupil and Mr. White is trying to get a larger appropriation, for he finds so many that would like to attend the school God bless him with success.

I, yesterday, saw an account of a general, who lost his hearing in battle in 1754. At the *siege* of Monticelli, a town in Italy, he received in several parts of his body, twenty-three balls or more. It happened one unfortunate evening as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, that he was struck on the left ear by an enemy, so that he was from that time totally deaf.

A little girl was once playing with a calf, when she received a kick on the ear, which caused her to lose his hearing and speech.

STAUNTON, VA., Dec. 18, 1886.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the top of Pike's Peak, Colorado, on the 8th of July last, were:

Miss Penelope Reed, of Rochester, N. Y.
Thomas L. Moses, of Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Julia A. Foley, of Morristown, N. J.
Miss Carolyn Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary A. Woodworth, of Chicago, Ill.
Z. F. Westervelt, of Rochester, N. Y.
Louis A. Houghton, of Knoxville Tenn.
Miss Carrie E. Silloway, of Canton, Mass.
J. A. Kennedy, of Jacksonville, Ill.
R. E. Sparrow, of S. Orleans, Mass.
Thomas J. Rogers, of Jacksonville, Ill.
F. W. Booth, of Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Effie Johnston, of Olathe, Kansas.
Edward P. Gale, of Olathe, Kansas.
James N. Tate, of Fulton, Mo.
G. W. Veditz, of Baltimore, Ind.
Fred. Gillett, of Jacksonville, Ill.
A. L. E. Crouter, of Philadelphia.
Miss Laura De L. Richards, of Philadelphia.
Arthur D. Bryant, of Washington City, D. C.
Mr. D. Webster George, of Jacksonville, Ill.
Miss Nellie Wheeler, of Fulton, Mo.
F. D. Clarke, of Little Rock, Ark.
E. McK. Goodwin, of Raleigh, N. C.
W. O. Connor, of Cave Spring, Ga.
T. S. Carman, of Belleville, Ontario, Canada.
Wm. A. Caldwell, of Philadelphia.
J. S. Stewart, Jr., of Cave Spring, Ga.
I. W. Chickering, of Washington City, D. C.
I. Chickering, Washington, D. C.
I. D. H. Stewart, of Columbus, Ohio.
D. L. Elmendorf, of New York City.
Job. Turner, of Staunton, Va.
J. A. McClure and his brother, Rev. J. N. McClure, of Omaha, Neb., *probably*.

A few others, whose names cannot be called to mind.

"The party ascended the peak on horseback, it being about 15,000 feet above the sea level.

Yours sincerely,
JOB. TURNER.

A Deaf-Mute Baptism.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE AT ST. PAUL P. E. CHURCH—THE REV. A. W. MANN PERFORMS THE RITE AND PREACHES A SERMON BY SIGNS.

(*Cincinnati Enquirer, Dec.* 13.)

A little band of deaf-mutes held religious services in the Sunday-School room of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, yesterday afternoon. There were about twenty-five men and women assembled, not to hear, but to see the sermon of Rev. A. W. Mann, a missionary among the unfortunate people. He is similarly afflicted, but is a minister of rare intelligence and force of character. An unusual scene was presented in that room. The place was as silent as the house of death, for no one could speak a word. Still the worshippers

TALKED WITH NIMBLE FINGERS,

and were apparently very happy. The women, deprived of the most potent factor in their anatomy—the use of their tongues—were astonishingly effective with their fingers, and while there was no audible laughter, the evidences of good humor were pictured on every countenance. Rev. A. W. Mann was cordially greeted by his deaf-mute friends. He visits this city once in six weeks. He travels most of the time, visiting his afflicted flocks in various cities, particularly St. Louis, Columbus and Chicago. He has just returned from a trip to Kansas City. The reverend gentleman lives in Cleveland. The *Enquirer* man who attended the strange services, yesterday afternoon, felt out of place, and was the the only man present who could not understand the language of signs and silence. The preacher read by his fingers the evening service of the Episcopal Church. It included, besides the collects, two lessons of Holy Scripture. After the second lesson, a very pretty incident, indeed, occurred, which was deeply impressive. An infant child of a deaf-mute couple was baptized. The little girl, who can hear and has a lusty voice, was put through the silent ceremony, and the language of prayer was so eloquent upon the preacher's fingers that the small congregation

BOWED THEIR HEADS.

The baby is the daughter of F. M. Everhart and Eliza Everhart, deaf-mutes, married by Rev. Mann at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, eight years ago. The little girl was christened Grace Everhart. Both father and mother are graduates of the Ohio Deaf-Mute School at Columbus. During the performance of the sacred rite, no sound disturbed the almost supernatural stillness, but to the participants, it was a solemn reality, which needed neither music nor lip service to hallow it. His duty finished, the minister began his sermon. He chose his text from St. Luke xxi., 25, 26 verses. His remarks, if such they could be called, were in relation to the second advent, and were appropriate to the coming Christmas time. His hearers watched his movements closely, and their eyes did service instead of their ears. He talked with his fingers almost as rapidly as one ordinarily does with his mouth. The sermon lasted about twenty minutes, and a prayer closed the exercises. It was an hour of peace and pleasure to the unfortunates. In January, the Rev. Mann will return again and preach another sermon to his Cincinnati congregation, which numbers about sixty members.

Emigration to Western Kansas.

Having read the correspondence in the JOURNAL from Kansas City, Mo., apparently against emigration of deaf-mutes to the west to take up homesteads, I agree with him as regards those having little or no means.

I would advise them not to come, but to those with means enough, desiring to go west to grow up with the country, I would say like Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man."

For the benefit of those prospective ones, allow me make known through your valuable paper good opportunities and advantages offered in Western Kansas, and especially of this county in which we have settled since 1885. The soil is generally two feet deep, and the surface is mostly of gentle slope.

Stock raising is in vogue at present but in the near future this, in my opinion, will be one of the leading corn and winter wheat country in the United States.

Wm. A. Nelson and Jno. C. Hummer, both of Iowa, took up each a homestead and tree claim in 1885, though in fear of misadvantages such as drought, etc., but now they are pleasantly disappointed, for such was not the case, as there have been more rains in this country last summer than in Eastern States.

The former (Mr. Nelson) follows his trade as shoemaker in Grinnell, but goes to his homestead four miles distant every day where his charming bride keeps house. He is well-known and liked by every body.

The latter (J. C. Hummer) stays on his homestead just to hold its deed, when he expects to remove to his halt section of R. R. land adjoining for a permanent residence, it being nearer to town.

These two mutes live happily in their neighborhood to each other, and would welcome any mutes of good principles, industry and ample means, as their new neighbors, in the confidence that this will be as valuable as the country only about sixty miles east of here.

We set out an orchard of apple-trees in Spring last, which has been of a curiosity to cow boys here, who seemed to think it an impossiblity in this country—once called the Great American Desert. Almost every thing grows.

Will close now, as this letter may be long enough.

Ex-IOWAN.
GRINNELL, KAN., Dec. 16, 1886.

Southern Indiana.

The beautiful snow has disappeared, mud and a disagreeable cold rain keeps us in-doors, and, having gone through our reading matters, we will pen together a budget for the highly appreciated JOURNAL.

Three letters from Indiana greeted our eyes in the issue of December 6th, which shows that Indiana is making firm steps to regain her footing, and be the equal of other states in enlightening its deaf mute community. We would like to see one step up, as a regular correspondent from the capital city.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Charles Pence, for the sad misfortune befallen him in the death of his brother, Jerry.

Welcome "Huffy." The name becomes you pretty well. It appears to me that the letters, H—u—f, have been often on your finger tips while at school, and adding the y makes you the little gentleman.

David Sampson, of Otisco, Ind., paid Louis Hildebrand a visit on November 11th and 12th. Louis did not know David's mustache, and passed him by at the depot. But David detected and arrested him, and said: "Don't you know me," Aye! Yes, "shake." David is working as section hand on the O. & H. R. R., and is a sober, industrious young man.

Louis Hildebrand failed to obtain a holiday on Thanksgiving, on account of Walter Marsh, of New Albany, Ind., breaking his promise to be a helping hand, and as Louis does not let his customers walk barefooted, he stuck to his bench and lasts. He is employing two speaking men at present, and is sure of a holiday, Xmas, which he has promised to spend at Newburg, Ind., with Adolph Brizius, rain or shine.

Does any one know John Ryman, a semi-mute, said to be from California, where he owes a farm. He used to be a gold miner, when the gold fever broke out there, and a bank caved in on him, and he claims to not have recovered from the injuries he received, and that he was travelling in the east last year. He made his appearance in Huntingburg on the 4th inst., and the next day, Sunday, got on a drunk, and used some very vulgar language in signs, and made some threats on the people, but, on Monday, he suddenly disappeared, and we have since learned that he is a worthless beggar. He came by way of Louisville, and begged at every town along the line. This is the second mute beggar who has visited this town during the last three months, and we are determined to put a stop to it.

Wishing you all a "Merry Christmas," and "Happy New Year."

ONCE IN A WHILE.

DEAF-MUTE ARTICULATION CLASS.

SECOND YEAR.

MISS S. W. KEELER, after many years of institution experience, has organized a deaf-mute class for thorough instruction in language, articulation and lip-reading. For further information, apply personally or by letter to MISS KEELER,

72 WEST 50TH ST.,
46-3mo. NEW YORK CITY.

"KING LEAR" in Brooklyn

Mr. Wm. G. Jones will deliver a lecture on "King Lear," at the room of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes (Tuttle Hall), No. 198 Grand Street, on Wednesday evening, January 12th, 1887. Open at 7:15. Admission 10 cents.

THOS. GODFREY,
Chairman on Printing.
49-4in.

SECOND SEASON

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.

(Brooklyn Catholic Deaf-Mute S. S Association)

AT

City Assembly Rooms,

Washington St. Junction of Fulton and Court Sts. and Myrtle Ave.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVE.,

Monday, Feb. 21, 1887.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, 50 Cents.
(*Admitting gentleman and ladies.*)

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JAMES F. O'NEIL, *Chairman.*
D. L. SULLIVAN, JR., W. J. REILLY.

A GRAND Masquerade Ball and Levee

WILL BE HELD IN

WELLS MEMORIAL HALL,

987 Washington St., Boston, Mass.,

Friday, Dec. 31, 1886, at 8 P.M.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.

The deaf-mutes of New England and other States, with their speaking friends, are cordially invited to this Ball. The object is the aid of a self-supporting organization to be had by the deaf-mutes in this city. The Committee shall spare no pains to make the Ball the most enjoyable one ever held in this city. The programme has been arranged, comprising dancing, playing games, dumb-bands, etc. The prizes will be awarded to the best deaf-mute lady dancer, handsomest, ugliest, funniest original and character costumes, winner of four and eight-hand parchessi. *A beautiful prize will be given* to the person who guesses the nearest numbers of Beans in the Jar, to be on exhibition in the hall, will charge ten cents each guess. Intermission will occur before twelve o'clock, in order that they can have an opportunity to watch the old year out and new one in.

Refreshments will be served in the Coffee Room below, at any time.

Come one. Come all. Any further information can be obtained by addressing to the Secretary.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JOHN J. MCNEIL, *Manager.*
HARRY E. BABBITT, W. H. KRAUSE,
JOHN MAGIE, HENRY A. ACHESON.

HENRY A. ACHESON, *Sec'y,*
183 FORT HILL ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

FIFTH —"STILL WE THRIVE"— SEASON.

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION.

OF THE

Catholic Literary,

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO BE HELD IN

IRVING HALL,

(Irving Place and 15th Street),

On Wednesday Evening, January 19th, 1887.

MUSIC BY PROF. R. E. SAUSE.

Tickets (*admitting gentleman and ladies.*) **50 Cents.**

☞ *The Union takes pleasure in bringing before the public the notice of its Fifth Annual Reception.*

☞ *As heretofore everything will be done on the occasion towards the comfort and enjoyment of its guests.*

☞ *Irving Hall has been entirely re-decorated and contains the finest dancing floor of any ball-room in New York City.*

☞ *Prof. Sause is a name that speaks for itself.*

☞ *Tickets, can be obtained of any of the members.*

Particulars given later.

COMMITEEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, *Chairman,* WILLIAM ENNIS, J. F. J. TRESCH.

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All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, *Principal.*
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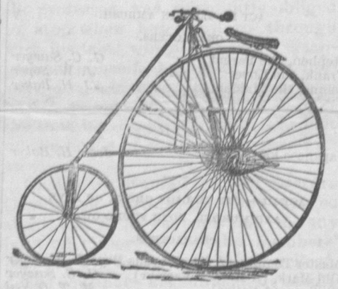
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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.*

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex Dezendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and sociality among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex Dezendorf, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo C. Williams, cor. Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those interested, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. Alfred Bierlein is President, and Mr. Fred Reiker, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 61 Moore Street, Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Slifer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St, Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, E. Harden; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Froning; Trustees, W. T. Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 2249 Sullivan Ave.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President: Geo. C. Sawyer, of Lowell, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut, and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M. Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Petr Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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